MAC. It is no time to discourse. so Chrish save me, the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the king, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseeched, and the trumpet calls us to the breach: and we talk, and, by Chrish, do nothing: 'tis shame for us all: so God sa' me, 'tis shame to stand still: it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done: and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa* me, la.

JAMY. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slumber, aile do gude service, or aile ligge F the grund for it: ay, or go to death: and aile pay it as valorously as I may, that sal I surely do, that is the breff and the long: Mary, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you *tway.

FLU. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation---

MAC. *Of* my nation ? What ish my nation ? ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal ? What ish my nation ? Who talks of my nation ?

FLU. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, captain Macmorris, peradventure, *I* shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you: being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of wars, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

MAC. I do not know you so good a man as my-< self: so Crish save me, I will cut off

your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jam. Au! that's a foul fault.

[A Rtrley sounded.

requite you, that is, *answer you,* or *interpose with my arguments,*
as I shall find opportunity. • JOHNSON.